

# ZION'S HERALD AND WESLEYAN JOURNAL.

Published by the Boston Wesleyan Association, for the New England Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Vol. XXII. REV. A. STEVENS, EDITOR.  
FRANKLIN RAND, AGENT.

BOSTON AND PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1851.

TERMS, \$1.50, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.  
OFFICE, No. 7 CORNHILL, BOSTON. No. 21.

## LIFE.

BY CURRIER BELL, AUTHOR OF "JANE EYRE."

Life, believe, is not a dream  
So dark as some say;  
Of a little morning rain  
Foretells a pleasant day.  
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,  
But these are transient all;  
If the shower will make the roses bloom,  
O why lament its fall?  
Rapidly, merrily,  
Life's sunny hours flit by,  
Gratefully, cheerily,  
Enjoy them as they fly.  
What though Death at times steps in,  
And calls our Best away?  
What though sorrow seems to win,  
O'er hope, a heavy sway?  
Yet hope again elastic springs,  
Unconquered, though she fall;  
Still buoyant are her golden wings,  
Hugely strong to bear us well.  
Manfully, fearlessly,  
The day of trial bear,  
For gloriously, victoriously,  
Can courage quell despair!

## INFIDELITY IN ENGLAND.

LEIGH HUNT.

We owe so much—the whole literary world, both of writers and readers, owes so much to this gentleman, that it is with sincere pain that we are compelled to assign him a position—and, alas, a prominent one—amongst the disciples of unchristian Christ. His father, who was a clergyman of the Church of England, died a Unitarian. Leigh Hunt's early connection with Byron, Shelley, and Keats—especially with Shelley—was unfortunate for his religious welfare. Byron and Keats were skeptics. Shelley began his life as an Atheist, and died a Pantheist. Hunt, in his recent "Autobiography," has announced his creed with a flourish of trumpets, confessing that his sympathies are deeply—very deeply—as he emphasises it—with the "New Reformation." He has a work, hitherto unpublished, but soon to be given to the world, containing his views on Christology. A work of Shelley's on the same subject, which his son intends some day to publish, is in manuscript.

Hunt's house is the rendezvous of the Apostles of the Church to come. Thither assemble Francis Newman, Hennell, Carlyle, and his brother Dr. John Carlyle, the last translator of Dante. (A fine work that translation, though it is incomplete, embracing only the "Inferno,"—when will the rest follow?) Froude, Fox, and Foxton, are also of the number. Thither go Ashurst and Mazzini, Elliotson and Cooper. All are working in the same cause. Nor must we omit Thackeray, the author of "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis" who, though his creed can only be guessed at by some of his writings, is a thorough well wisher of the new movement.

THE REV. EDMUND LARKIN and "THE LEADER" NEWSPAPER.

The Rev. Edmund Larkin is another clergyman of the Church of England, who has connected himself with the Rationalists, and it is probable that his labors will do as much towards the propagation of error as any of his coadjutors. He is also found among the party who assemble at Mr. Leigh Hunt's. In 1848 he translated George Sand's "Le Menue d'Angoulême," for Miss Hays's series. He has been an avowed Socialist for several years past. At the commencement of last year, he started "The Leader," a weekly newspaper, in London, for the express purpose of representing the new views. Thornton Hunt, the eldest son of Leigh Hunt, is his co-editor. The whole tendency of this journal is to shake its reader's faith in orthodox Christianity, and to represent religion as independent of "evidences," miracles as no proof of the truth of a religion, and the superiority of a philosophic faith over what it calls "the low and superstitious views of the orthodox churches." The readers of "The Leader" are, of course, a select body, but we are pained to learn that it is well supported. Fox, Froude, Francis Newman, James and Harriet Martineau are among the contributors.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

This writer is perhaps the most dangerous of the new school of infidels in England; and he is so, because his works are so widely read and so deeply studied. Yet he has made no avowal of unbelief. It is only by an intimate acquaintance with his writings that you can get an insight into his creed. Read him a little, and he seems the most spiritual of men, and, indeed, he is the antipode of a materialist. Early in his career, he went "sounding on his perilous way," through the entire range of German metaphysics. He corresponded with Goethe, who prophesied great things of him. He was the friend of Edward Irving and Dr. Arnold, and the latter felt his influence to some extent. His influence has been greater than that of any other literary man; but there are symptoms, especially since the publication of his "Latter Day Pamphlets," that his pen is less potent than it was. What his religious creed may be, it is difficult to tell, but what we can say is, that he is not a Christian. Ask him if Christ's mission was divine? We have all a divine mission, he will answer. But was he the Son of God? Yes, is his reply; I know it—we are all sons of God, when we do his will. There is a heaven? Surely. And for all. I hope so. Is there a future retribution? Humph! he answers and closes the colloquy.

We said last week it would be difficult to name the originator of the New School in England. Perhaps if we were to say Coleridge, we should not be far from the truth. Yet Coleridge was a believer; but he read the Bible through metaphysical spectacles, and he introduced German modes of thought in England. To Coleridge Carlyle was early indebted. But Carlyle was not a German. He was a Scotchman, and he was a Unitarian. For their present popularity in England and this country we may thank Carlyle.

Carlyle's plan is to say nothing openly adverse to Christianity. Miracles, he says—yes, there are miracles. The world, created anew this morning by the living God, that is miraculous; and life, my friends, is not that a miracle? Is it not the wonder of wonders, that I think, and feel, and am? Would it be a miracle if I stretched forth my arm and grasped the sun? And is it not a miracle that I can stretch forth my arm at all? No miracles, does Voltaire say? Blockhead! I see them every hour.

Carlyle's writings are *exoteric* to the uninitiated. To those in the secret, they have an *esoteric*, or hidden meaning. Dawson is the interpreter, on public platforms, of the hidden sense, which he has just intimated enough to fathom.

Carlyle in 1841 stepped forth, leading a then unknown, but now very popular, man by

the hand. "British public," said he, "here is Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson from Boston, Massachusetts, United States. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, this is the intellectual and appreciative British public. Startle them with a few of your fine things." And further he said, "Don't be afraid of this Yankee, and calling him a Pantheist, get yourselves rid of him. What is pantheism to you—or any other *ism*? Get what truth you can out of him. I think that, and not calling names, will be the best for you."

Emerson and Carlyle have got possession of a large portion of the rising intellect of the age. There are scores of writers in England who try to write like them, and to think like them. They have taught thousands of the smart young men, in both countries—not to love the Bible, but to *patronize* it. Carlyism has gone into literature, and we have new heroes, pushing the old ones from their stools. It is a fashion, for instance, to praise Goethe, till the homage amounts almost to worship. DeQuincy's estimate of that great man is juster than Carlyle's. Then we have a new hero in Mirabeau; and Smith of Manchester writes, in a Carlyle-dialect, a "life-history" of him. This is not the evil. The sorrow and the sin are, that our literature is saturated with a pretended spiritualism, which is nearer to Vishnu than to Christ.

THOMAS COOPER.

In 1842 there occurred serious Chartist riots in the manufacturing districts of England, and several of the Chartist leaders were prosecuted, and condemned to varying periods of imprisonment. Among them was Thomas Cooper, by trade a shoemaker. His term of incarceration was two years. While others vainly fretted themselves in their confinement, he set to work and wrote a long poem in twelve books, and in the Spenserian Stanzas, which he called "The Purgatory of Stanzas." The idea, but not the execution, was Dantean. The poet visits purgatory, and converses with all the suicides whose names are recorded in universal history and biography. From them all he wrings some story of human wrongs. It is a strange work, not without merit, but the versification is rugged as a ploughed field. On his release from prison, Douglas Jerrold introduced him to a publisher, and his work was favorably received. Dr. Cooper especially, High Churchman and Tory as he was, landed it in the *Britannia* newspaper; William Howitt praised it as a startling production, in Dr. Price's *Ecclesiastical Review*, and it was not long in reaching a second edition. Cooper was fairly started on a literary career, which he has since followed for a livelihood.

Cooper is an avowed Deist, and has not much sympathy for the conservative features of the New School, but he helps their destructive tendencies. What Francis Newman and Harriet Martineau are to the educated ranks, he is to the mechanics and tradesmen. For their benefit he delivered in 1848-9 six courses of semi-weekly lectures, on Strauss's "Life of Jesus," in different parts of London, reaching over a period of from six to seven months. These lectures he afterwards published in "Cooper's Journal," a weekly periodical edited by himself. His plan was to detail Strauss's strange perversion of the Gospel history in simple language, interspersed with his own comments. The charge for admission was one penny, and although the building in which, on one occasion, we heard him, was capable of holding 2,000 persons, hundreds went away unable to obtain admission. Cooper was originally a local preacher among the Wesleyan Methodists. His wife is still a Wesleyan, and he deserves the praise of never having sought to interfere with her belief.

JOSEPH BARKER.

This person was a Methodist minister, regularly ordained to a chapel in Yorkshire. He afterwards became a Unitarian, and since 1847 joined the "New School." What Cooper is in London, Barker is in the Northern and Midland Districts of England. He also publishes a weekly journal for the dissemination of infidelity. "Parker's discourse on Religion" was published in London in a handsome edition, at a price above the reach of the working classes. Barker, who has a printing press of his own at Worthing, near Leeds, issued it in 1849, in penny numbers—the entire work cost thirty-six cents. Its sale, we understand, has been very great. Barker visited America in 1848, and remained nearly a year in the States. We have the authority of Dr. Beard, of Manchester, who has entered the lists against Strauss, for saying that the spread of infidelity amongst the working classes of England, is greater than at any former period. From our own knowledge we are able to say, that amongst young men of some education, such as legal and professional, aye, and professed theological students, it is very great, indeed. It has been our lot to mix much of late with those classes of students, and something also of artist and young literatures have we seen. Emerson's works are published in England—his "Representative Men," for instance, can be purchased for a shilling—and of this, as of all his other writings, are the text books of these smart young infidels. Many of them are learning German, for the purpose of going to the fountain head, and drinking the strong waters undiluted by translation. Mr. Gilfillan, in his "Literary Portraits" and "Bards of the Bible," loudly raises his voice in apprehension. Dr. Chalmers said there was danger coming on the church, and died almost in the utterance. The Bishop of London, in his letter on the recent Papal aggression, said the danger is not from Rome, but from Germany. We shall see.—N. Y. Recorder.

## THE SERMON PREACHED, AND THE SERMON PRINTED.

There is no more impressive illustration of the power of the living teacher, than that which results from a comparison of the printed and uttered discourses of the most powerful preachers. When you read the discourses of Whitfield, you can scarcely be persuaded that he was the prince of preachers; and that the author of those printed pages was the man who collected 20,000 hearers on the open field at Leeds; who fascinated all ranks of society; who held Hume in profound admiration; and who brought the infidel Chesterfield to his feet, with outstretched arms, to rescue the wanderer from the fold of God, whom the preacher represented in the act of falling over the precipice. You read his sermons, but the preacher is not there. That glance of his piercing eye, that hushed thousands to silence in the open field, is not there. That voice, at a single intonation of which a whole audience has been known to burst into tears, is not there. That instantaneous communication between the living speaker and his hearers, which creates so powerful a sympathy, is not there. Some of the best discourses of the late Dr. Mason, the distinguished preacher of our own city, have been given to the world; but rich they are in matter, and forcible in style, and though they exhibit not a few

of the peculiarities of their great author, make a feeble impression upon the mind of the reader, compared with that which upon the minds of those who listened to them from the pulpit. That celebrated and beautiful discourse entitled, "The Value of the Gospel," from the text, "To the poor the Gospel is preached," was pronounced in the city of New Haven, in the year 1808, in the presence of one of the largest, most intellectual, and Christian audiences ever assembled in this land. The sun had just risen, when torrents of men were seen pouring to the house of God. There were ministers of the Gospel, both the aged and the young. Learned Professors, reflecting Judges of the law, and Lawyers in their pride, were there. There were Senators and men of learning, from every part of the land. There sat the venerable Dwight, and the not less venerable Backus, melted into a flood of tears. That vast auditory, which seemed at first only to listen with interest, and then gaze with admiration, with a few exceptions covered their faces and wept. Yet when you read the discourse, the charm is gone. There is a dignity, a majesty, and withal an attractive tenderness, where the preacher stood, which are not found in the printed page. That memorable discourse of the late Dr. Dwight, entitled, "Life a Race," as well as that so effectively pronounced, in more than one of our pulpits, by the late Dr. Griffin, on the "Knowledge of God," will long be remembered as an honor to the American ministry; but who that heard them does not dwell rather on the memory of the past, and return from the dead volume to the living preacher?

It depends on the reader whether the thoughts in the printed page have emphasis; in uttered discourses it depends on the speaker. An intimate friend of the late Rev. John Fletcher remarks in a letter to Mr. Gilpin, that "he would rather have heard one sermon from Mr. Fletcher, than read a volume of his works." His words are clothed with power as we read them; but just conceive such a man as Fletcher uttering, as he did, such burning, melting thoughts as the following: "See, pardon for lost sinners is written with pointed steel, and streaming blood. His open arms invite, draw, welcome the returning prodigal. Fly then, miserable sinner, if thy flesh is not brass and thou canst not dwell with everlasting burnings, fly for shelter to the bloody cross of Jesus!" Such emotions have no counterpart in types and paper.—Dr. Spring.

## THOUGHTS ON AND IN SHORT WORDS.

While conversing with a literary friend the other day, he urged the general use of short words, especially such as are of Anglo-Saxon origin, and handed us the following as a specimen of what could be done with them. The reader will observe that each word is a monosyllable.

The speech of our sires far back in the days of yore, like that of the first man, who may well be thought to have been taught of God, was made up for the most part of those short words which are spoke with one pulse of the breath, and one stroke of the tongue. The stream of time through a long tract of years, and from lands not our own, has brought down to us a vast drift of new and strange terms, with which we may think our speech has come to be rich, but it is clear that much of its strength has in this way been lost. These are we shown to be the base sons, who both from our limbs and our tongues, have lost the brawn of our sires. They in truth were poor in purse, but rich in speech. Their words, like gems, were as great in wealth, as they were small in bulk, while the mass of ours, are as poor as they are large and long. We must add to this, not only the loss of force, but the waste of breath; and that of types and ink when we print them. Huge volumes would shrink to one-third their bulk, and time and pains would be spent less in vain both to those who write and print, and to those who read, if there were a due care to clip the length and size of the words, and to use no more than the thought can claim. In our age the price of time is as great as that of books is small; and the first charge we should give to those who would have us read what they write is: "In all ways and by all means be brief; for life is short, and art is long."

Nor let us think that the good old stock of words, so short and strong, is lost. They are not lost; they lie blent with the trash of the heap; and in bright points shine out here and there from the mass, like the stars when a fog dims the air, or the face of the sky is dark with clouds. It will be well worth our while to mine out these gems, and string them on the chains of our thoughts, which will then shine with new life; and though the tongue may lose in sound, it will be the more fit to speak all that the deep soul can feel. The heart feels but throbs by throb, and it is thus that the tongue should beat while it gives vent to its joys and its pains.

The arts of life and the lore of the head have need, it is true, for terms both cold and long. The heart must be kept cool while we search for truth; and truth shines best in what some call "a dry light." But what we have said holds in full force when we look to all that large class of thoughts which come from the heart, and which we wish to go down in the souls of those to whom we speak. Here we need the thoughts that breathe, and the words that burn—those that wing their speed like a bolt, and pierce like the barb on the shaft. Such are the terms in which it is fit to hail the long lost friend, when we once more grasp his hand, and hang on his neck, and tell him, "I have seen thy face as though I had seen the face of God." This should we "sing praise to the Lord with a harp; with the harp and the voice of a psalm; and pay our vows in the house of the Lord." Hear him who cries out of the depths, and say, what are the strains of his sad plaint? "Woe to the day in which I was born. Let that day be dark with the clouds of death. Let no voice of joy break on that night, and let its stars be dark; let it look for light, but have none; nor let it see the dawn of the day. My gray hairs shall go down in grief to the grave of my son, and there our heads shall be at rest. O my son! my son! would God I had died for thee, my son! my son!"—And where shall we find words with which to wing our thoughts, which are so fit to chide the grief of the soul and pangs of the heart than those we may find in the book of God? It tells him: That the Lord of Life once wept; but that we should not mourn as those who have no hope; that the time is short; and those who weep should be as though they wept not. He that trusts in Christ, though he were dead, yet shall he live. There is in him, life for all the dead, and love, and bliss, to which the free soul speeds its flight on the wings of the dove, through the glooms of the grave, and is at rest. There friends shall meet again; and no tear shall dim the eye; nor the notes of woe jar in the songs of joy. There shall be no night there, and there shall be no more curse, but the throne of God

and the Lamb shall be in it, and we shall see his face and shall serve him. And that world has no need of the sun, or of the moon, to shine in it, but its light is the Lamb that sits in the midst of the throne. God's own soft hand of love shall soothe the soul and dry all tears, so that the heart shall no more be sick or in pain. Yea, the hour shall come when the last trump shall sound, and in the which all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they shall come forth in the fresh dew of youth, and be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we be blest with him in new life that shall not end.

But if you choose not to plume your wings for such high flights, then may you roam over scenes of bliss which stretch out far and wide on the green earth. You may mount up on the wings of the lark, with the first beams of the dawn, and brush the drops from the clouds; or, as the sun goes down, may join the flight of its last rays, and speed with them from the waves of the deep blue sea to those realms afar off, where the light makes its home. So sing the rapt birds of the earth, as they twine the lyre, and when the fire of their souls sheds its own light, and gilds each scene with its own charms. But if men of mould less fine must still tread the dust of this dull world, still, if they will seek words such as these with which to clothe their thoughts, they will in turn cheer the mind, and cause a mild joy to smile in every scene to which their steps may turn.—Journal of Commerce.

From the Western Christian Advocate.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE METHODISM.

BROTHER SIMPSON:—In your statistics of our church in New Hampshire I notice some inaccuracies, and take the liberty to send this communication, not only to correct your mistake, but to furnish your readers—if you think best—with a view of the progress of Methodism, and its present condition in our granite State.

The first appearance of our State on the Minutes, is the following record in the appointment for 1794: "New Hampshire, John Hill." I cannot learn in what part of the State he was to labor, or whether he came at all to his contemplated field. No name appears for 1795; but 68 members were returned to the Conference of 1796, and Philip Wayne appointed to Chesterfield, N. H. In 1797, 92 members were returned; in 1798, 122; in 1799, 131; and in 1800, 171.

I will now give you the increase of each ten years to 1850. The number of ministers travelling and local, are included, population and proportion in round numbers:

YEAR.	Number of Ministers.	Population of State.	Proportion of Ministers to Population.
1800	173	184,000	1 to 1,058
1810	2,230	214,000	1 to 91
1820	2,815	244,000	1 to 87
1830	5,652	270,000	1 to 47
1840	9,793	284,000	1 to 29
1850	9,718	318,000	1 to 32

I take our Conference Minutes as authority for 1850. They were published by Professor O. C. Baker, one of the most careful and accurate men I ever knew. For the last few years our presiding Bishops have, in taking the numbers in society, omitted such circuits or stations as neglected to make returns. Several such charges made returns to Bro. Baker, after the copy for New York was made up, which accounts for the discrepancy between our Minutes and the general Minutes. If all our charges had made accurate returns in 1850, I am confident, instead of a loss, as above, of seventy-five during the last ten years, we should have a small increase.

We assuredly find much cause of sorrow and self-reproach in the fact, that for ten years, we have made no progress in numbers; but we may derive some consolation from the following facts:

1. During a few years previous to 1840 we had gathered a host of converts into the church, and in all of our charges there more or less of unstable and untaught spirits, who, in the great revivals, had rushed into our fold. Then came the great "Miller" excitement, urged on by zealous men, adopting, as near as possible, our methods of preaching and conducting religious worship, and giving special prominence to the doctrine of holiness. Large numbers were drawn away, perhaps as many as two thousand in our Conference, and congregations got up through all our work operating disastrously to our success for some years. At the same time came the Scottie secession, by which we lost one station outright, and a considerable number of members on two more.

2. A large number of our most zealous and active preachers, during the great excitement, broke down, and their labors were lost, while many others left to swell the ranks of other conferences. Many of our most enterprising young men of the society, also, have gone to the Atlantic cities, or the great West. These same causes have operated on other denominations, who, I think, have been equal sufferers with ourselves. All, I think, have declined in numbers within a few years.

But while, as to numbers, we have been stationary for the past ten years, in other respects we have made rapid advancement.

### I. IN MISSIONS.

Our Conference, last year, raised \$1,438.61, being nearly 15 cents to a member—a small sum, but an improvement on former years.

### II. CHAPELS AND PARSONAGES.

There are now, in New Hampshire, of houses devoted to our church, 105. Of these, thirty-eight have been either built new, or greatly renovated, during ten years. There are also forty-four parsonages, twenty of which were built or essentially remodelled since 1840.

### III. SABBATH SCHOOLS.

School.	Teacher.	Scholars.	Volumes in Library.	Amount Taken.
1850	109	1,182	7,631	18,778
1840	83	795	4,860	7,991
Increase,	26	387	2,771	8,787

### IV. EDUCATION.

In 1840 we had no literary institution in New Hampshire, but were joint owners and patrons of the Newbury Seminary, with the Vermont Conference. We have now,

1. The New Hampshire Conference Seminary,

with building and apparatus worth \$5,500, free from debt, with an able Faculty, and in highly prosperous circumstances.

2. The Marlow Academy, which, though not strictly a Conference Seminary, was built by Methodists—has a majority of Methodists in its Board of Trustees—has a minister of our Conference at the head of its Board of Instruction, and all the Faculty also Methodists. Our Conference extends to it its patronage, and sends visitors as to our Conference institutions.

3. The Washington Academy is also under the charge of Rev. D. H. Sanborn, a local preacher of our church.

We have sent to the seminary at Newbury, during the last year, one hundred and eighteen students; so that there were taught, by Methodist tutors, about six hundred of the youth of New Hampshire in 1850. And there are also, in all our principal towns, academies and high schools, where many hundreds of the children of Methodists are receiving instruction.

Our Conference patronizes the Wesleyan University in funds and students.

The Methodist Biblical Institute, situated in this place, has buildings worth, at least, five thousand dollars, all raised among ourselves, and our share of the endowment, amounting to five thousand dollars, is either paid in or assumed by individuals or associations. It is in a prosperous condition.

The following may be considered as a near approximate to the sum paid for religious purposes in New Hampshire, from 1840 to 1850:

Thirty-eight churches erected or renovated at	\$57,000
\$1,500 each,	10,000
Twenty parsonages, \$500 each,	10,000
Biblical Institute,	10,000
Newbury Seminary and Wesleyan University,	2,500
Northfield Seminary,	5,500
Marlow Seminary,	2,000
Missionary,	10,000
Sabbath Schools,	10,000
Bible Society,	2,500
	\$110,000

In conclusion we should bear in mind, that the following denominations have preoccupied the field: namely, Congregationalists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Free-Will Baptists, Universalists, Unitarians, and Christians. Some of the above preceded us one hundred and seventy-five years, and held the educational and all other influences; and as our territory was settled before the commencement of our operations, we think our progress rather remarkable, and demanding our gratitude to the great Head of the church. I give the statistics of the several denominations at present, by which it will be seen we are the second in strength.

	175 Members, 17,000
Congregationalists, ministers,	175 Members, 17,000
Methodists, travelling and local	180 " 9,538
Baptists,	68 About 9,500
Free-Will Baptists,	108 " 9,500
Christian,	30 "
Universalist,	18 "
Unitarian,	16 "
Episcopal,	8 About 500
Roman Catholic,	2 "

We are living in a delightfully harmonious state with our brethren of other denominations, and the good people of our State award to us our full share of respect and affection. A member of our Conference was, for several years, at the head of our Common School Department as State Commissioner, and a considerable number have been elected to office in the political world. I know not what may be your opinion in respect to the propriety or otherwise of the thing, but so it is. Two of our itinerant preachers—father Brodhead and brother Jared Perkins—have been elected to seats in the United States Congress, and a pretty large sprinkling of Methodist preachers have been found in all the branches of our State Legislatures—no less than seven in the House of Representatives for 1850.

ELIAZER SMITH.

Concord, N. H., April 17.

For the Herald and Journal.

## CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

In the Christian church all are required to be active. God has created no order of nobility—except no one class above another—all stand on the same level, and are equally required to exert the talents imparted to them—to toil, to watch and to pray. In the spiritual life He has formed no drones, nor will he tolerate any that render themselves such. His immutable law forbids the idle to feast on the nectar collected by the active. He that would eat, must work. Activity is an irreversible law of the Gospel system.

Let us, a little more in detail, examine the reasons of the enactment. God does all his works with reason.

Analogy enforces this doctrine. Behold primal man as his Maker forms him of the dust and places him amid the bowers of Eden. How do his physical framework and arrangement, bespeak a being created for action. Activity is read in every motion, feature and muscle of that wonderful personage. He was made to do something—not, like an oyster, to lie, half alive, upon the very soil that gave him birth, and, at death, simply to decay and commingle again with the earth. He is fashioned and designed to leave a mark "in the sands of time."

Look again at his surprising mental capabilities—examine the spiritual, mercurial substance enclosed in that little vase of earth. In the mental world he is stir, motion, activity and life; and will you tell me we are to cease this activity as soon as we pass the boundary of Christian experience and become incorporated with the family of God? Is there not rather a loftier, intenser and more permanent activity required of us?

Christian activity forms a muscular, manly and vigorous piety. The piety of some persons reminds us of the fragile, sickly flower that has been nursed amid the pestilential atmosphere of a hot-house. It has no vigor—it is chilled, and perishes at the touch of the breeze, or the slightest frost—can live only in the hot-house.

There is another grade of religious excellence that recalls to our minds the majestic oak, spreading its roots among the crevices of the rocks, and thrusting out its hardy branches to the blasts of the mountains. It defies the snow, frost and bleak winds of the livelong winter, and in early spring in freshness and beauty puts forth its buds, and becomes clothed in the green foliage of summer.

To change the figure, the inactive Christian may be compared to the child that arrives at mature years without using its limbs. He has acquired the size of a man, but retains the feebleness and faintness of infancy—his flesh is tender, his muscles soft, and his entire frame ill adapted to the rude employ of life. Are there not many aged Christians that continue children—weak in faith, in zeal, in practice? The reason is obvious; you have done nothing for Christ, or have done it at such distant intervals as to add little to your permanent vigor. You are like the man who labors but one day in a week, and lies down and groans the other six.

Do a little each day. *Nulla dies sine linea*, is a good Christian maxim—a line each day. The growth and normal proportions of the Christian life and graces demand earnest and permanent exertion. The thrifty sowing maintains the constant activity of its juices, and the derangement of its laws at once disturbs its proportions and stunts its growth. Dwarfed and withered in some parts, it in others becomes enormously overgrown—a clumped, unsightly thing.

There is a dwarf piety; but it generally wears a club foot, a hideous limb, or a supernaturally head that came into the world a century too late. Man enjoys noble capabilities, both gracious and natural, that can be developed, educated and perfected only by action. In the cloister, in silence, away in the desert, they perish as a useless object. The fire is brought forth from the flint only in its *furie contesi* with the steel. All men have vast, unmeasured and almost infinite capacities; but few know it, because they do not stir up the gift that is in them. There would be more Wesleys, and Fletchers, Edwardses and Paysons, both of the intellectual and moral world, if there existed more *faith* to set the soul in motion. The Christian philosopher and divine exist at the present time; but in most regions, in a dreamy, half conscious state.

Activity strengthens and enkindles our faith, imparts to us the comforts, the holy communings, and the ennobling, gracious rewards of piety. If you lack strength of faith, toil for souls and God will impart the rich graces and comforts of the Spirit. Do not wait till you experience all you wish to, before doing anything. *He that watereth, shall be himself watered*. This process will not only add vigor to your faith, but give you a clear and convincing evidence of your acceptance with God. No clouds or mists will obscure your vision—*the sun will shine upon you* his warm and life-giving beams.

Christian exertion is the divinely ordained means of human salvation. The Gospel is not to be proclaimed by an angel, but by the lips of man. You must speak to him, entreat him and draw him with the cords of a man. Personal effort constitutes a large share of the means of human salvation—the lips and thoughts and heart of a man coming in contact with the lips, and thoughts and heart of another man.

Those most successful in winning souls, have been unwearied in their exertions. Think of a Bramwell, a Payson, and the youthful Stoner, whose activity ceased only with life. Said the dying, but triumphant Ann Thane Peck, as weeping friends gathered about her and endeavored to dissuade her from further effort: said she, "I must be faithful, and do what I can. Christians must be faithful—angels are faithful—that is what makes them so happy."

Action is the only effectual preservative against backsliding. Tell me of the man that lives without action, and I will tell you of the man that declines in piety and zeal. He may not acknowledge it now—may not be perfectly conscious of it; but time will determine that he has fallen little by little—the evangelized, lively faith has evaporated, and the man lost confidence in himself and God.

The history of the active Christian is far otherwise; his way is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. When thrust into the furnace he comes forth unscathed, as the gold purified. A beautiful incident was lately recorded, in the Herald, of a burning cotton mill, in which the entire building, machinery and goods perished, save the great water wheel, which was in motion at the time the fire broke out. Its ceaseless activity repelled the devouring element. What a beautiful illustration of active piety! Exertion, like the laboring wheel, not only dispenses blessings in days of sunshine and prosperity, but preserves the being of piety in the day of peril and fierce conflict. Be active, then, be always active, and you will be safe. D. S.

## ARGUMENTATIVE PREACHING.

We find that the ablest ministers of the Gospel have been those who applied their hearts to seek out wisdom and the reason of things. In reading the sermons of the elder Edwards, we stand in awe; for he speaks not as one who sings a pleasant song, but in the name of Him who says, "Preach the preaching that I bid thee." There is something in his discourses that presses us, crowds upon us, follows hard after us; and if we flee from it, it is close upon our footsteps; and there is no sense in our trying to escape it. It is the power of God's word, shown to be God's word, identified as such, and therefore we cannot stay in it in its onward urging. Overcome by his argument, we fall a prey at once to his appeal. His discussion interests us; we are at first surprised, then taken captive, and afterward borne along, "whithersoever the governor listeth."











For the Herald and Journal.

## MY HOME.

'Tis a low rural cottage with white painted walls;  
A fair creeping rose decks the warm southern side,  
The fruit trees are wearing their drapery bright,  
And peace and content in our dwelling abide.

Rare shrubs, flowering shrubs, and the long glossy leaves  
Of the shady Alantus with beauty are rife;  
The spring's balmy air in the low valley breathes,  
And the golden buds swell into fragrance and life.

And crowding up close to the rude garden wall,  
A miniature forest its foliage flings  
O'er the robin's retreat, and the birds' leafy hall  
All day with their sweet gushing melody rings.

There are wide pleasant paths by the broad river's side,  
Where the genius of "poetic" lingers to hear  
The murmurous rush of the far rolling tide,  
Or the musical play of the ripple ready.

Proud crags, wooded mountains, lean lazily o'er  
The shallop that glides so gently and free;  
Tall trees, waving tree fringes the opposite shore,  
And their dark mirrored forms in the blue waters see.

The ponderous steam engine comes rushing along,  
Neath the rough beating steed, o'er the watery sheen;  
It drowns with its clamor the bird's happy song,  
It clouds with its breath all the valleys serene.

And see where afar o'er the Thames' azure tide  
The palace "Connecticut" floateth in pride;  
In splendor and beauty, well fitted to be  
The boast of the river, the queen of the sea.

How oft when the moon's placid lustre doth gleam  
The mountain, the river, the forest's deep green,  
Do I gaze till the depths of my spirit are thrilled  
With the wonderful charm of the fairy-like scene.

'Mid the darkness of night, oft it seemeth to me  
That the beautiful day rests on upland and lea,  
For hope, radiant hope, hath its rosy hues cast,  
O'er the present and future, and hidden the past.

Ah, well may its light every object illumine,  
And well may its whispers enliven my breast,  
For I've found in this beautiful region a home,  
The wanderer again hath a haven of rest.

Unacville, Ct. HARMONY.

## SLAVERY.

For the Herald and Journal.

## THE SIMS CASE.

"Our God is in the heavens."  
All silent as the stars of night,  
Pale, passionless, and glowing,  
The angel watch of human right  
From hill to vale is going.  
No fire of wrath, no lightning dart,  
No trumpet in the van,  
A passport to the nation's heart  
It seeks, through heart of man.

The earthquake in its mightiest shock,  
Unheeded passes by;  
The wind that rends the mountain rock,  
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep."

Dresden, May 7. JULIA A. CRAWFORD.

## LADIES.

For the Herald and Journal.

## A SKETCH.

"Leaves her time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
And stars to set,—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

The truth of the above lines, was forcibly impressed on my mind recently, on hearing of the death of a much loved friend, Maria O'Brien died in Detroit, Mich., Feb. 4, aged 28 years and 7 months. Sister O'Brien experienced religion three years since, and joined the M. E. Church in Calais, Maine, where she resided until a few months previous to her death.

From the time of her conversion, she was steady and uniform in her Christian course; and her life, her conversation, were in accordance with her profession.

The cheering influence of an affectionate companion, a kind and devoted mother, spread a charm over her family circle. She, with her companion, was ever ready to cheer the heart of the stranger, and minister to the wants of the family; in her they ever found a sympathizing friend. Long will her memory be cherished by those who shared her kindness and liberality.

In her death we witness the glorious triumph of the Christian over the last enemy. In answer to the inquiries of her weeping companion, she replied, "I am happy—happy and willing to die." A short time before her death, she commenced singing and praising God; and as the words, *My Saviour* trembled on her lips, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, and her happy spirit fled, to be forever with the Lord.

Truly, for her to die was gain—for them who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. Her deeply afflicted companion, with seven children and a large circle of friends, are left to mourn her early departure from them. But again we hope to meet her in that happy home where death shall have no more dominion over us, where

"No parted friends,  
O'er mournful recollections have to weep,  
No bed of death enduring love attends,  
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep."

Dresden, May 7. JULIA A. CRAWFORD.

## CHILDREN.

## I GOT A-GOING, AND COULDN'T STOP.

A little boy named Frank was standing in the yard, when his father called him:—  
"Frank!"  
"Sir!" said Frank, and started full speed, and ran into the street. His father called him back, and asked him if he did not hear his first call.

"Yes sir," answered Frank.  
"Well, then," said his father, "what made you run out into the street?"  
"O," said Frank, "I got a-going and couldn't stop."

This is the way that a great many boys get into difficulty; they get a-going, and can't stop. The boy that tells lies, began first to stretch the truth a little—to tell a large story, or to relate an anecdote with a very little variation, till he got a-going, and couldn't stop till he comes out a full grown liar.

The boy that was brought before the police, and sent to the House of Correction for stealing, began by taking little things from his mother—by stealing sweetmeats, and other nice things that were put away. Next he began to take things from his companions, at school. He got a-going, and couldn't stop till he got into jail.

Those two boys that you see fighting out on the green, began by bantering each other, in fun. At length they began to get angry, and dispute, and call each other hard names; they got a-going, and couldn't stop. They will separate with black eyes and bloody noses.

There is a young man, sitting late with his companions at the gambling table. He has flushed cheeks, an anxious look, a despairing countenance. He has lost his last dollar. He has begun playing marbles in the street; but he got a-going, and couldn't stop.

See that young man, with a dark lantern, stealing from his master's drawer. He is a merchant's clerk. He comes from the country a promising boy. But the rest of the clerks went to the theatre, and he thought he must go too. He began, thinking he would go only once, but to have it to say that he had been to the theatre. But he got a-going, and couldn't stop. He has used up all his wages, and wants more money. He cannot resist the temptation, when he knows there is money in the drawer. He has got a-going—he will stop in the State's Prison.

Hark! do you hear that horrid oath? It comes from the foul mouth of a little boy in the street. He began by saying by-words; but he got a-going and couldn't stop.

Fifty young men were, some years ago, in the habit of meeting together in a room at a public house, to enjoy themselves in a social hilarity, where the wine cup passed freely round. One of them, as he was going one evening, began to think there might be danger in the way. He stopped and considered a moment, and then said to himself, "Right about, face!" He turned on his heel, and went back to his room, and was never seen at the public house again. He has become rich; and the first block of buildings he erected, was built directly in front of the place where he stood when he made that exclamation. Six of the young men followed his example. The remaining forty-three got a-going and couldn't stop, till they landed in the ditch, and most of them in the drunkard's grave.

Beware then, boys, how you get a-going. Be sure, before you start, that you are in the right way; for when you are sliding down hill, it is hard to stop.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"Some years ago, a friend of mine was in Greece, in the month of March. He was travelling in the country where the shepherds live. He came to three shepherds with their flocks. One had about six hundred and fifty sheep, another had about seven hundred, and the other had about seven hundred and fifty. In all, they had about twenty-one hundred sheep. They were out in the valleys where the grass grew. All the flocks were mingled together. Every shepherd had his own name. It would not come nor go, if called by any other name; nor would it come nor go, if called by any but its own name. One had about six hundred and fifty sheep. He knew their names also. If any one was about to go into a wrong place, he called it and it turned back. If the way was narrow or

steep, he would go before, and they would follow him. This is just what the Bible says about Christ and his flock. 'The sheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will not follow him, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers. I am the good Shepherd and know my sheep and am known of mine. I lay down my life for the sheep.'

"The day my friend saw the shepherds was a cold day. Some of the lambs were quite strong and full of play; but some of them were very young and tender. The cold chilled them and they could not walk. The shepherds took on something like large cloaks tied around their necks, and girt about their waists. So they took up the little lambs and put them in their bosoms. But they did not smother them. They left their heads out so that they could breathe well. But they kept them snug, and the sheep were pleased to see an old shepherd with his long grey beard and his bosom full of lambs. Just so the Bible says of Christ. 'He shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom.' Many little children have loved Christ. And he has never left such perishes. He is as good to little children as to old people. He says, 'I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.'

"Among the twenty-one hundred sheep were some old and feeble ones. They could not walk much. If the way was miry or steep, they could hardly go along. So the shepherds would come and put their crooks under their bodies, just behind their fore legs, and help them along. They treated them with great gentleness and care. Just so the good shepherd has pity on the weak, and gently helps them along. 'He never leaves them forsaken.' His rod and his staff comfort him. He leads all his sheep into his fold for safety. He leads them out, that they may find pasture. If little boys and girls are wise, they will desire above all things to belong to Christ's flock. I hope all of you will commit to memory the twenty-third Psalm. It is beautiful. 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.'—Rev. Dr. Plumer.

## ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RISING.

The narrow escape of the First Presbyterian Church of this city from destruction by fire, lately, was noticed in this and other papers. It was a matter of universal congratulation, that the danger threatened to that noble edifice was averted by the promptness, efficiency, and well-directed efforts of our firemen. We did not know, however, at the time of penning the notice of the fire, that its fortunate discovery, just in time to save the building from utter destruction, was owing to the fact that the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Barnes, according to his usual custom, repaired to his study in the church at an early hour in the morning. He found the basement full of smoke and on fire, and gave the alarm, which brought immediate aid for the extinguishment of the flames. If he had indulged himself half an hour longer in bed that costly edifice would have been a heap of smoking ruins. The habit of early rising in this instance, at least, is proved to be of great practical benefit. The insurance office may well be thankful that Franklin's counsel in regard to rising is followed by Mr. Barnes.

But aside from this particular case, where so much good resulted from "being up at peep of day," the advantages of early rising are numerous and important. It saves a great deal of time. It has been said that covetousness is a virtue, when manifested in respect to the appropriate use and the profitable improvement of time. It is, indeed, a jewel of inestimable value. As a means of mental and moral improvement, as an opportunity of doing and getting good, it is more precious than rubies. As a season of gay hilarity and mirth, it is worth but little. The disappointments, and crosses, and vexations of life are so numerous, that the brightest scenes are often succeeded by painful disquietude; so that what was cheering in prospect becomes a dismal and sickening reality. But time rightly improved is a treasure of unspeakable value. Those who squander it in sloth or needless sleep, are suffering a loss which no regrets or future efforts will repair.

Early rising is favorable to health. The testimony of the best physicians is decisive on this point. By steady and regular exercise, confirmed all that the medical faculty say. Those who turn day into night, and night into day, (as unfortunately many do,) are pretty sure, at length, to pay the penalty of their folly. The nervous system, that most delicate organization, is apt to become deranged by late watching and late rising. The recuperative influence of sleep and rest, in their proper seasons, is greatly diminished by sitting up late at night, or, what is not uncommon, till "early in the morning."

Early rising falls in with the beneficent arrangements of Providence. Beasts, and birds, and the whole animal creation, are "up and stirring" at the dawn of day.

God assigned that man should inhale the air of the early morning, and those who do so, receive benefits of which sluggish souls who hug their beds till eight, nine, or ten o'clock, are deprived. Children should be trained to the habit of early rising. Early rising, a good cold bath, plain diet, and a clear conscience, will contribute greatly to health, prosperity, happiness and long life.—North American U. S. Gazette.

## DELAY OF ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

Some prayers are not answered, because, though earnest at the time, the petitioner has grown indifferent afterwards.

Some prayers are answered, but the answer is a long time arrived before the petitioner adverts to it. Like a man who despatches for the physician, an express after another, and at last he arrives and is actually in the house; but unperceived by his presence, the sick man sends off another messenger to hasten his approach. Or as you may have sent for some book, or other object, which you were anxious to possess, but as it is long in making its appearance, your anxiety to see it begins to abate, and by-and-by you have almost forgotten it; when, some day, you take up a parcel that the long lain-unopened in a corner of the room, and find it is the very thing you were once so impatient to get. "How strange, then, that I never should have noticed it till now!" In extreme agony, Jacob vowed a vow, and prayed a prayer: "If God will be with me, and will keep me this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then the Lord shall be my God, and this stone which I have set up for a pillar, shall be God's house." It was an earnest and importunate prayer. It was answered. Every petition was fulfilled. All that he asked, Jacob obtained. He got bread to eat; he got raiment to put on. He was delivered from Esau, his brother. He came back to his father's house in peace, and in unimagined prosperity. But it never occurred to Jacob that his prayer was answered till the Lord himself reminded him. He might have seen the answer in his peaceful tent, in his grazing flocks and herds, in his large and powerful family, and in himself—the fugitive had come home a prince and a patriarch. But it was not till the Lord appeared and said, "Arise, go up to Bethel, and dwell there; and make there an altar unto God that appeared unto thee when thou fleddest from Esau, thy brother;" it was not till then that Jacob recollected the vow, or

detected the answer; and had not the Lord reminded him, Bethel and his pillar might have faded forever from Jacob's memory. And so parents, in the days of their children's infancy, often pray for their children's conversion, and when they see their wayward freaks and wicked tendencies, the tear starts in their eye, and they are ready to give up hope. But one by one the Lord brings them to himself. The prayer is partly or wholly answered, and ere they are gathered to their fathers, these parents find themselves surrounded by a godly seed. But it never strikes them that here is an answer to prayer. Or a company of Christians pray for a revival of religion, and they fix their eye on a particular spot of the horizon, nothing doubting but that it is there the cloud must appear. And whilst they kneel, and pray, and mourn that the sky continues brass, they never notice that in the opposite quarter the heavens are melting, and there is an abundance of rain. Though not in the fold of blessing is come, and, perhaps, in a measure it surpasses their fondest expectation and their largest prayer.—Hamilton.

## CREATIVE WISDOM DISPLAYED IN THE HUMAN EYE.

Before the eye can behold a landscape, and be charmed with its beauties, it was requisite that three humors should be formed of different sizes, different densities and different refractive powers—three coats, or delicate membranes, with some parts opaque and some transparent, some black and some white, some of them formed of radial and some with circular fibres, composed of threads finer than those of the spider's web. The crystalline humor, required to be composed of two thousand very thin spherulic laminae, or scales, lying one upon another, every one of these scales made up of one single fibre, or finest thread, wound, in a most stupendous manner, this way and that way so as to run several courses, and to meet in as many centres.

The curious and delicate piece of organization required to be compressed into the size of a ball only half an inch in diameter, and a socket composed of a number of small bones, to be hollowed out and exactly fitted for its reception. A bed of loose fat for this ball to rest upon, a lid or curtain to secure it from danger, a variety of muscles to enable it to move upwards and downwards, to the right and to the left, and a nervous assemblage of minute veins, arteries, nerves, lymphatics, glands and other delicate pieces of animal machinery, of which we have no distinct conception, were still requisite to complete this admirable organ. Even in this state it would be of no use for the purpose of vision, unless it were connected with the brain by the optic nerve, through the medium of which the impressions of visible objects are conveyed to the soul.

Still, in addition to all these contrivances, a wonderful machinery requires to be in action, and an admirable effect produced before a landscape can be contemplated. Ten thousand millions of rays compounded of a thousand different shades of color, must fly off in every direction from the objects which compose the surrounding scene, and be compressed into the space of one-eighth of an inch in order to enter the eye, and must paint every object in its true color, form, and proportion, on a space not exceeding half an inch in diameter. Were any one of the parts which compose this complicated machine either wanting or deranged; were even a single muscle to lose its capacity of acting, we might be forever deprived of all the enchanting prospects of the earth and heavens, and enveloped in the darkness of eternal night. Such is the skill and intelligence requisite for accomplishing, even in a single organ, the purposes of Divine benevolence.—Dick's Philosophy of Religion.

## GUARD AGAINST VULGARITY.

We respectfully recommend the following extract to the thoughtful study of the young. Nothing is so disgusting and repugnant to the feelings of the noble and the good, as to hear the young (or even the old) use profane, or low, vulgar language. The young of our city are particularly guilty of profanity. In our day it seems the "boy" does not feel himself a "man" unless he can excel in this beastly sin.

"We would guard the young against the use of every word that is not perfectly proper. Use no profane expressions—allude to no sentence that will put to blush the most sensitive. You know not the tendency of habitually using indecent and profane language. It may never be obliterated from your heart. When you grow up, you will find at your tongue's end some expression which you would not use for any money. It was one you learned when you were quite young. By being careful, you will save yourself a great deal of mortification and sorrow. Good men have been taken sick, and become delirious. In these moments they used the most vile and indecent language imaginable. When informed of it, after restoration to health, they had no idea of the pain they had given their friends, and stated that they had learned and repeated the expressions in childhood, and though years had passed since they had spoken a bad word, the early impression had been indelibly stamped upon the heart. Think of this, ye who are tempted to use improper language, and never disgrace yourselves."

## FOREIGN ART IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Macaulay notices the reign of the Lelys and Knellers in England, and the general dependence upon foreign artists of the Era:—

At the close of the reign of Charles the Second, there was not a single English painter or sculptor whose name is now remembered. This sterility is somewhat mysterious; for painters and sculptors were by no means a despised or an ill-paid class. Their social position was at least as high as at present. Their gains, when compared with the wealth of the nation, and with the remuneration of other descriptions of intellectual labor, were even larger than at present. Indeed the munificent patronage which was extended to artists drew them to our shores in multitudes. Lely, who has preserved to us the rich curls, the full lips, and the languishing eyes of the frail beauties celebrated by Hamilton, was a Westphalian. He had died in 1680, having long lived splendidly, having received the honor of knighthood, and having accumulated a good estate out of the fruits of his skill. His noble collection of drawings and pictures was, after his decease, exhibited by the royal permission in the Banqueting House at Whitehall, and sold by auction for the almost incredible sum of twenty-six thousand pounds, a sum which bore a greater proportion to the fortunes of the rich men of that day than a hundred thousand pounds would bear to the fortunes of rich men of our time. Lely was succeeded by his countryman Godfrey Kneller, who was made first a knight, and then a baronet, and who, after keeping up a sumptuous establishment, and after losing much money by un lucky speculations, was still able to bequeath a large fortune to his family. The two Vandeweldes, natives of Holland, had been induced by English liberality to settle here, and had produced for the king and his nobles some of the finest sea pieces in the world. Another Dutchman, Simon Varelst, painted glorious sunflowers and tulips for prices such as had never before been known. Verrio, a Neapolitan, covered ceilings and staircases with Gorgons and Furies, Nymphs and Satyrs, Virtues and Vices, Gods quaffing nectar, and laureled princes riding in triumph. The income which he derived from his performances enabled him to keep

one of the most expensive tables in England. For his pieces at Windsor alone he received seven thousand pounds, a sum then sufficient to make a gentleman of moderate wishes perfectly easy for life, a sum greatly exceeding all that Dryden, during a literary life of forty years, obtained from the booksellers. Verrio's chief assistant and successor, Lewis Laguerre, came from France. The two most celebrated sculptors of that day were also foreigners. Cibber, whose pathetic emblems of Fury and Melancholy still adorn Bedlam, was a Dane. Gibbons, to whose graceful fancy and delicate touch many of our palaces, colleges, and churches owe their finest decorations, was a Dutchman. Even the designs for the coin were made by French medalists. Indeed, it was not till the reign of George the Second that our country could glory in a great painter; and George the Third was on the throne before she had reason to be proud of any of her sculptors.—Literary World.

## WHAT OUR NEIGHBORS THINK OF US.

The St. John Morning News, in an article upon Massachusetts, remarks:—

In every neighborhood of the State the churches are as numerous as the school-houses. People who have enjoyed the blessings of a wholesome system of public schools never fail to be builders of churches, and observers of the Sabbath. The people of Massachusetts, from the days of the Pilgrims to the present, have been remarkable for the attention bestowed on education, and for the strictness of their religious observances.

There is no community in which schools and churches abound, which fails to make ample provisions for the care and comfort of the unfortunate and afflicted. In Massachusetts there are more benevolent institutions than can be found elsewhere in proportion to the population. Her public charitable institutions for the benefit of the deaf, dumb, blind, insane, sick and destitute, are admirably conducted, and are sufficiently numerous for the wants of the population. Great attention is paid to the prevention of crime, as well as to the reformation of criminals. There are many noble institutions in the State, where juvenile offenders are instructed and reformed, before vice and crime have made them victims beyond the reach of all curatives and correctives.

In the public schools the children of the rich and poor sit side by side, and struggle with each other for the highest honors of the schools. A sympathy and interest in each other are thus begotten in youth, which, in the bosoms of the worst of both classes, last through life.

The humane warfare of the poor on the rich, and the contumely of the rich for the poor, therefore, do not prevail, as in other sections of the country. Both classes are aware of their mutual dependence on each other, and have no disposition to engage in hostilities for which nothing but mutual injuries can possibly result.

With a soil that no one in the West would think worth cultivating, the people of Massachusetts succeed by scientific and intelligent methods of culture in raising very respectable crops. The poverty-stricken soil has rendered it necessary for them to engage in other than agricultural pursuits. In commerce and in manufactures they reap rich harvests of profit.

There is by far too much love for the various absurdities of the day in Massachusetts. Fanatics and fools make more fuss than they do elsewhere. But the majority of the people are among the most thrifty, upright, enterprising, and well-to-do people one can find, and abjure all isms that lead men astray from the regions of common sense."

## A GOOD SIGN.

The "New York Mirror" says that the Bar is fast losing its attractions to the young men of that city, and that "there are now thirty young gentlemen that have received liberal educations, who are serving their 'times,' as shipwrights, architects, carpenters, &c. In a few years, it continues, "the United States will have the most accomplished mechanics in the world. A new class is springing up, who will put the present race of mechanics in the shade. The union of a substantial education with mechanical skill, will effect this. Indeed, already we could name some mechanics who are excellent mathematicians, acquainted with French and German, and able to study the books in those languages connected with their vocations. Heretofore, fond fathers were wont to educate their sons as doctors or lawyers, to insure their respectability and success. That day is passed. Mechanics will now take the lead, and in a few years will supply the larger portion of the State and Federal Governments."

We are inclined to class the above among the signs of "the good time coming;" for, of course, no lawyers or doctors will be needed during the millennium, and, as we approach it, their number must become therefore less and less.

## PULPIT COURTESY.

One of our exchange papers finds fault with a certain affectation of courtesy in the sacred desk. It says:—

"I sometimes meet with instances of it in the pulpit, which seem to be out of place. Sing, if you please, such a psalm. And why not, 'if you please,' let us pray; and, 'if you please,' let us preach? Really, this is too much in the manner of an auctioneer. 'If you please, gentlemen, give us a bid.' What is the minister placed in the pulpit for, but to conduct the exercises of course? The propriety of his doing so, in the matter of giving out hymns as well as the rest, is conceded to him once for all, and it needs not that he should ask the concurrence of the congregation every time he rises in the pulpit."

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

Miss NANCY CURRY died in this city, of brain fever, April 16, aged 21 years. Her sufferings were extreme, but grace triumphed perfectly. Sister Curry experienced a change of heart some three years since, in Chelsea, under the labors of Rev. M. Dwight, and immediately connected herself with the M. E. Church, of which she continued an ornament and useful member until called to unite with the church in heaven. She was a dutiful child, an affectionate sister, kind and obliging to all, but especially to the poor and needy, who will bless her in her religious duties. Amiable and lovely in her disposition, she won friends wherever she moved. A short time before she died, she commenced singing with an angel's voice.

"Arise, my soul, arise," &c., &c., praised the Lord, and rejoiced in prospect of bliss and immortality in heaven. May her death be sanctified to her parents, brothers and sisters, and all her associates.

W. F. FARRINGTON.

Bath, May 6.

## DIAMOND DUST.

The cure of all the ills and wrongs, the cares, the sorrows, and the crimes of humanity, lies in that one word—Love.

There are three kinds of things in the world; the valuable, the non-valuable, and the invaluable. It is a long time before we decide in our minds which of them we have been endeavoring to obtain.

When men of sense approve, the millions are sure to follow.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. LORD, of Portland, (better known as Elder John Lord) has taken rooms at the Massachusetts House, corner of Edwinstock and Cross streets, Boston, where he may be found the last two weeks of each month, and will give particular attention to the treatment of Cancer, Tumors, &c. He has found the last two weeks of each month, and will be found as usual at his office, 104 1/2 Federal St., Boston, May 7.

J. AMBERT'S PHYSIOLOGICAL. LEAVITT & Co., New York, and SARGENT & CANTER, Portland, Publishers, invite Physicians, Teachers, Parents, Clergymen, and all interested in school or family education, to examine the following new work, and the high authorities and trust of the commendations.

The works are written without the use of technical terms, contain much original matter, and throughout exhibit Physiology in a true light. For though it is of great value in preserving health, the less said about disease the better, if the same ends can be gained without. Besides, Physiology is of still higher value, by showing the importance of a good disposition, and how to cultivate it, and by exciting in a child or parent a desire to possess so great a blessing. It shows that permanent stractions are induced by an amiable and benevolent disposition; that an earnest and true mind is essential to the orator; and that even the animal life of the pleasant man will thrive better on the same quantity of food than those of the early person. It shows that well-regulated diet, a good disposition, and a beautiful countenance, agreeable temperature, and proper exercise produce pleasant sensations, tend to modify the disposition and soften its asperities, make the mind more pleasant and the husband or son more agreeable. Physiology, also, by showing the uses of food, air, and water, and the manner in which the general principle by which animals may be most profitably taught. Physiology is a new and original work, and therefore, it is not to be compared with any other work of the kind. Any child that can read can understand this book, and will be interested in it.

First Book, Physical Physiology, pp. 125. This exhibits in a condensed manner, and with a new and admirable arrangement, all the most important physiological principles.

Second Book, Popular Physiology, pp. 428. This exhibits and illustrates the principles of Physiology as fully as any person will desire.

All the above embrace sufficient anatomy, and exhibit the laws of Hygiene in a most interesting and pleasant manner, and are profusely illustrated by wood cuts, (many original) and by several pages of colored lithographs, and are so arranged that they are prepared at unusual expense, they will be furnished at a rate below the above prices.

Box 2, Valparaiso, Cal., pp. 125. This is a translation of Miller's great work, with the addition of 200 pages of notes and illustrations. Published in numbers of 100 pages, and is so arranged that it may be used by Teachers, and for various reasons (see preface) furnished to Physicians, Medical Students, and all who are interested in the subject.

COMPARATIVE PHYSIOLOGY. These will be published in the course of the ensuing year. The intention is, to make them practical in respect to home animals and plants.

ILLUSTRATED PLATES. 24 in number, (25 for physicians.) 3 ft. by 2, beautifully colored, and executed in the best manner by the artist, Dr. Leavitt. The series of the series now ready. Price, 50 cts. single, complete set, \$6.

The above, and any of Leavitt & Co.'s publications may be obtained at any bookstore in the city or country.

Extracts from Recommendations from Eastern Physicians, Practical Teachers, and the Press. "It would give me pleasure to see your works on Physiology widely circulated."—Dr. J. M. Hays, M.D., D. D., President of Williams College.

"It is well calculated to instruct the medical student and the practitioner, by being posted up in the present time."—Dr. A. M. Leavitt, Professor of Surgery, New York City.

The books seem to me well adapted to the accomplishment of the object for which it is designed, to wit, to give a clear and free from any of those objections which delicate might prevent the study of a work on anatomy. Dr. W. H. Warren, President of Surgery, Harvard University.

The above are the most eminent Surgeons now living. "Certainly the best of any work of the kind that I have ever examined, for our higher schools and colleges, and for the general reader."—Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

"The subject of your work is eminently correct, and your treatment of it, so far as we can judge, is scientifically correct, and certainly it is new and interesting. It is a work of an early acquaintance of the great laws of health, and of the present moment of your several works, as judged from their long rich influence over a large collection of young persons, we greatly desire to see some one of them introduced, as a general text-book, into every school in the country."—Dr. W. H. Warren, President of the Young Ladies' Institute, Putnam, Mass.

"Having used Dr. Leavitt's, among other works on Physiology, in my school, I feel prepared to give it the highest recommendation, because of its simplicity of arrangement, its beauty, and its clearness of dictation, and might say, 'I have never seen a book of the kind for which it is designed.' Its freedom from technicalities, and the practical tendency of its remarks, must commend it to every teacher and general reader."—Dr. W. H. Warren, President of the Young Ladies' Institute, Putnam, Mass.

"I have attentively and for practical purposes examined your books on Physiology, more particularly the Second Book. I consider them to be among the best I have ever seen, and as a school-book, they are well adapted to the purpose. I have no teacher cannot fail to make it an interesting and valuable branch of study."—Dr. W. H. Warren, President of the Young Ladies' Institute, Putnam, Mass.

"Physiology, as a study, has been already extensively introduced into the common schools; from our experience as a teacher, we are fully aware, under great disadvantages, of the want of a proper text-book. This difficulty is now removed, and we feel confident that no parent or teacher who becomes acquainted with this work will use any other."—Dr. W. H. Warren, President of the Young Ladies' Institute, Putnam, Mass.

"There is scarcely no more subject for a child to study, and as correctives as is essential in these branches of study, it is to be recommended above any other published."—Gen. Demerit, (Pa.) writing to a Physician.

"If we do not mistake, in looking over the book, we have seen some of the noblest and most improving sentiments that ever came from the pen of any man."—Eastern Age, &c.

THE AUTHOR OF THE ABOVE SERIES will